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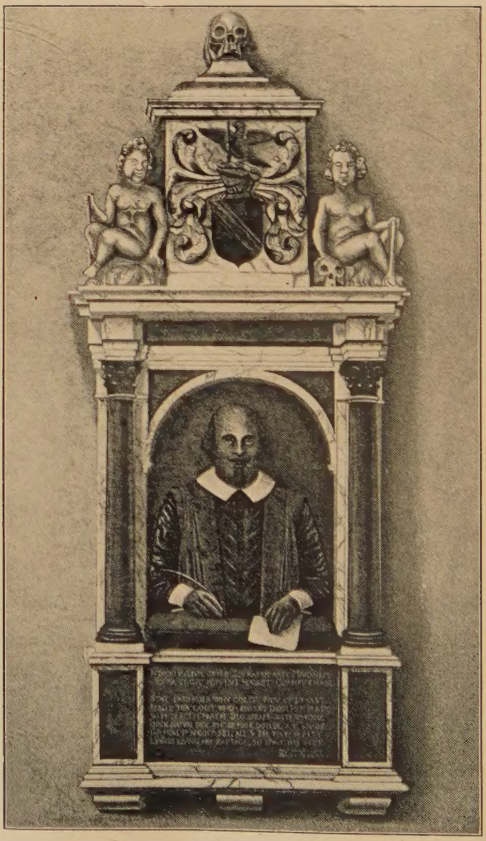

THE SHAKESPEARE BUST IN
STRATFORD CHURCH.

THE TEMPEST

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFATORY NOTE vii

INTRODUCTION

1. Life of Shakespeare ix
2. The Drama of the Elizabethan Age . . . xx
3. Comments on *The Tempest* xxxiii
4. Bibliography lii

THE TEMPEST 1

NOTES 115

INDEX TO NOTES 151

PREFATORY NOTE

THE text used in this play is that of the First Folio edition of 1623, with such omissions as are necessary to make the book suitable for classes of young students.

The chief sources from which information has been drawn in preparing the volume are given under "Bibliography"; acknowledgment must be made, however, of the editor's indebtedness to Dr. Kendric C. Babcock, President of the University of Arizona, who read the manuscript of the introduction and made valuable suggestions in regard to the material used.

INTRODUCTION

Life of Shakespeare

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford, Warwickshire, England, April, 1564. He was baptized April 26, and from this circumstance it is inferred that the date of his birth was April 23. He was the first son and third child in a family of seven children. During the early years of the poet's life, his father, John Shakespeare, a prominent and prosperous citizen of Stratford, did a thriving business as trader in various agricultural products, such as corn, wool, and leather. His mother, whose maiden name was Arden, was descended from one of the influential families of Warwickshire, two members of which had held places in the court of Henry VIII.

In Stratford an elementary education was given

boys at the free grammar school, and it is probable that Shakespeare entered there when he was seven years old. The instruction furnished was chiefly Latin, though he may have learned French, Italian, and some Greek. The Latin authors then studied at schools of this grade were Cicero, Vergil, Ovid, Terence, Plautus, and Horace. Throughout Shakespeare's plays are evidences of an intimate acquaintance with Latin, both the language,[1] and its literature.[2] Though he may have availed himself of translations, his use of words in many places proves beyond doubt a knowledge of their ultimate Latin sense. The knowledge of French and Italian which he displays in his dramas[3] cannot be accredited wholly to the Stratford school, as "a boy with Shakespeare's exceptional alertness of intellect, during whose school days a training in the Latin

[1] Cf. Note I., ii., 138; also Note III., i., 38.

[2] Cf. Note V., i., 33–49.

[3] The best instance of Shakespeare's ability to use French is perhaps that in *Henry V.*, where in several places a dialogue is maintained in the French language. *Othello* is founded on an Italian novel written by Giraldi Anthio; no translation of this prior to the composition of *Othello* has been discovered.

classics lay within reach, could hardly lack in future years all means of access to the literature of France and Italy."

During the poet's early school days his father continued to prosper. He held successively many of the municipal offices of Stratford, and in 1568 became bailiff, the highest official position in the village. In this position it was his duty to receive the actors who visited Stratford, and it is recorded that the Queen's Company and the Earl of Worcester's Company were each thus officially welcomed. It is probable that Shakespeare saw the plays which were given from time to time in the town. In 1575 Queen Elizabeth passed through Warwickshire on a visit to Kenilworth, the castle of the Earl of Leicester. Kenilworth is fifteen miles from Stratford, and John Shakespeare may have taken his son, now a schoolboy eleven years of age, to witness the festivities which were given in honor of the queen. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that Shakespeare during his most impressionable years occasionally saw dramatic performances[1] and learned

[1] The lines in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II., i., 155–164, are generally supposed to be an allusion to the performances

to know something of the life he afterward followed.

When fourteen years of age Shakespeare was taken from school. His father's prosperity had for some years steadily declined and he perhaps needed the help of his son. There are various accounts, more or less trustworthy, of the work he was set to do. Aubrey, the poet's first biographer, states that "he exercised his father's trade," which may have been, as this writer asserts it was, that of a butcher. At the age of eighteen, four years after his withdrawal from school, he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a substantial farmer who lived at Shottery, a village adjoining Stratford. Shakespeare was eight years younger than his wife. During the period immediately following his marriage he lived in or near Stratford. His occupation[1] is a matter of conjecture, though one may

at Kenilworth. Compare also *The Tempest*, II., ii., 102 — an allusion to the Morality plays. Shakespeare while yet a boy perhaps saw them at Coventry, an old town not far from Stratford.

[1] A supposed reference by Nash to Shakespeare would indicate that he studied law for a time — another story has it that he taught school.

infer that he tried to rescue his father from the financial troubles into which he had fallen and to restore the fortunes of the family. Tradition has connected with this period of his life the deer-stealing episode, which may have been a partial cause for the step he was soon to take. With some of his young friends Shakespeare was caught poaching in Charlecote Park, where Sir Thomas Lucy maintained his game preserves. In Elizabeth's reign the punishment for this offence was three months' imprisonment and a fine of three times the value of the stolen game. Shakespeare, so the story goes, "was whipt and imprisoned and at last made to fly his native county."[1] There seems no reason for doubting the essential truth of the story or for refusing its acceptance as partly explaining Shakespeare's decision to leave his home. However this may be, he left for London about 1586, his wife and three children remaining at Stratford.

[1] The character of Justice Shallow in the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, and also appearing in the opening scene of *Merry Wives of Windsor*, is evidently a reminiscence of the poaching adventure.

We know little of the early life of the poet in London, and the precise nature of his connection with the theatre is largely a matter of conjecture. He was probably acquainted with members of some of the companies which had from time to time visited his home town, and it is possible that certain ones of the Queen's Players who gave performances in Stratford in 1587 had learned of his intention to become an actor and assisted him upon his arrival. It is reasonably certain that in a short time he was given employment in one of the only two[1] playhouses then in London. The service performed was no doubt of a humble kind. He may have been, as reported by early biographers, a call boy; or he may have held the horses of those who came to the theatre. His promotion was rapid, and he won his first pronounced success as an actor. In a short time he became a member of the theatrical troupe known as the Lord Chamberlain's Company, which included the greatest actors of the Elizabethan

[1] "The Theatre" and "The Curtain." In 1592 was opened a new playhouse, "The Rose," which was soon followed by the erection of others, numbering before the end of the century eleven in all.

Age.[1] The *rôles* which he assumed have not been fully recorded. He is known to have been one of the actors in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* and *Every Man in his Humour*, taking in each play, no doubt, the part of a leading character. Of the characters in his own dramas it is recorded that he took the parts of the Ghost in *Hamlet* and of Adam in *As You Like It*. The first folio edition of his plays, published in 1623, was edited by men who knew intimately Shakespeare's theatrical career, and who for more than thirty years had been his personal friends. They could speak, therefore, with positive assurance, and their statement that he was one of the principal actors must carry the weight of authority and confirm the truth of later tradition that he was an actor of the highest class.

With Shakespeare's work as an actor must be considered his interests in the somewhat more practical business of stage management. The Elizabethan play inherited much from the religious

[1] Its leading members were Richard Burbage, the most noted tragedian of the day; John Heminge and Henry Condell, the editors of the *First Folio;* and Augustine Phillips, one of the most successful stage managers.

drama[1] (the Mysteries and Moralities) and the classic drama. These legacies were generally stereotyped forms such as the Prologue and Epilogue, and the stock characters such as the clown and the villain. These conventions along with others of a similar kind did much to prevent the free exercise of originality, and in large measure hampered the work of both actor and playwright. Under the influence of Shakespeare and his theatrical friends, the Elizabethan drama learned to dispense with many of these traditional forms. When the Globe Theatre was completed in 1599, Shakespeare became one of the chief shareholders. It soon won the first place among London theatres, and maintained its popularity until its destruction by fire in 1613. According to Sidney Lee it was the only playhouse with which Shakespeare was professionally associated. It was here more than elsewhere that the Elizabethan play, already freeing itself from pre-Shakespearian conventions, took its final form through the influence of the poet and his actor friends. As actor and manager, Shakespeare was called upon to recast old plays

[1] See Note II., ii., 102.

and to make them suit the needs of the Elizabethan stage. In this way, no doubt, he served a valuable apprenticeship as a writer of drama, producing few plays which do not satisfy the requirements of the stage as well as those of literature.

The plays usually attributed to Shakespeare are thirty-seven in number. Along with the narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, and the *Sonnets*, these were written during a period of a little more than twenty years (1590–1611). Their precise chronological order has been much discussed but never definitely settled. As already stated, he began work as a dramatic writer while an actor and manager, and it is believed that his earlier plays were written in collaboration with other dramatists — probably Marlowe and Greene. *Titus Andronicus* is a specimen of early tragedy written about 1590. It requires small critical faculty to appreciate the difference between it and *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*, and to feel the contrast which their form and substance afford. *Titus Andronicus* is the effort of a young apprentice not yet sure of himself; *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*, is the work of a master, an artist who knows and employs his power with

conscious ease. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is the vision of a young man. It embodies the joyous fancies and aërial poetry of one not yet subdued by life. One feels that the *Winter's Tale* is vastly different. Its imaginative quality is more restrained, and its general tone suggests maturity of thought and experience. The best proof of the approximate dates of Shakespeare's plays is probably the evidence which they disclose of a deepening insight into human nature and of a gradually increasing strength and facility in literary expression and in dramatic structure.

While Shakespeare was thus winning success in London, his father's difficulties were multiplying. About 1596, after an absence of ten years, the poet returned to Stratford. He at once set about relieving his father from further pecuniary embarrassment. From this time on Shakespeare is believed to have resided in Stratford a part of each year, continuing his professional career in London. His growing fame as actor and playwright brought him an assured and substantial income, which was constantly increasing. Holding valuable shares in the Globe and later acquiring an interest in the

Blackfriar Theatre, he was soon able to restore the early prosperity of his family.

In 1597 he purchased New Place, the largest house in Stratford, renovated it, and improved the grounds. From time to time he bought land in and adjoining the town, until he owned a large estate. In 1611 Shakespeare seems to have settled permanently at Stratford, withdrawing from the active work of his profession and visiting London only as his interests there needed personal attention. The last five years of his life were passed, one[1] of his early biographers declares, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, "in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." He died after a very short illness on April 23, 1616, at the precise age of fifty-two.

[1] Nicholas Rowe.

The Drama of the Elizabethan Age

The last quarter of the sixteenth and the first quarter of the seventeenth century may be regarded as the culmination of the Renaissance in England. The period covered by the reign of Elizabeth and by the early years of James I. was characterized by the most vigorous activity in the everyday life of the people, and London, then a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, was the centre of a stir and energy such as has been rarely paralleled in the history of the nation. The age was one of transition, in which men were freeing themselves from the bondage of the Middle Ages and learning to know higher and finer ideals. This quickening of the nation's life was the result of powerful influences, which reached their height about the time that Shakespeare came up to London.

To portray this many-sided activity, to comment upon things small as well as great, to express opinions upon the questions of the hour, to exhibit, in short, the life of the nation — this was the task which the playwright set himself. The drama was the chief

means by which the public was informed, and in large measure served the purpose of the modern newspaper. Printing-presses were restricted, periodicals did not exist, and freedom of speech had its perils. The actor under the veil of the character he assumed could caricature, praise or condemn, and comment on the fashions of the day or on the great questions of state, upon the settlement of which rested the hopes of the nation.

This vital relation between the theatre and the English people can be made clear by stating briefly some of the historical facts of the period and noting the influence exercised by these upon the drama.

The accession of Elizabeth in 1558 relieved the anxious suspense which had possessed the minds of Englishmen for more than twenty years. During the last years of Henry VIII. and throughout the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, a religious war had seemed inevitable. Under Henry VIII. the separation of the English Church from that of Rome had led to disorders at home and caused throughout continental Europe a half-concealed but no less ominous spirit of hostility. Edward did not live

long enough to establish and make permanent the plans of his imperious father, and Mary ascended the throne with a determination to reverse the policy of Henry VIII. and restore England to the Church of Rome. Her persecutions won for her the name of Bloody Mary. As the roll of martyrs increased, including some of the greatest men of the period, the nation seemed on the verge of civil war.

When Elizabeth became queen she at once showed her moderation. Though a Protestant she was comparatively lukewarm. She was indisposed to consider the religion of her subjects as the burning question of the hour. Her policy was one of such leniency and was so successful that the people called her "good queen Bess." When Philip II. of Spain, as the representative of Catholicism, finally decided that the time was ripe for crushing Protestantism, the English nation rose to a man in defence of its queen. In the face of a foreign invader, standing almost alone against continental Europe, Englishmen ceased to remember differences of religious opinion. Nothing could withstand the enthusiasm with which the nation made preparations for the impending war. With a fleet unprecedented in

size and equipment, the Spaniard appeared near the coast of England, only to suffer a crushing defeat. The "Invincible Armada" was shattered and England was safe. For her subjects Elizabeth was henceforth the personification of a new-born idea of national greatness.

To know and feel the patriotic fervor with which the victory touched the minds of Englishmen, and how national pride found voice in verse and song, one need only read in the historical dramas Shakespeare's praise of English courage and his deep admiration of kingly prowess.

> "This England never did nor never shall
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror;
> Now that her princes are come home again.
> * * * * * *
> Come the three corners of the world in arms
> And we shall shock them! Naught shall make us rue
> If England to itself do rest but true."[1]

Nearly one-third of his work is devoted to the history of English kings. The greater number of these plays was written before Elizabeth ceased to reign, and most of them celebrate some phase of

[1] *King John*, V., vii., 112–118.

the newly born pride and belief in England's greatness. No plays were more popular and none marked more clearly the vital connection between the English drama and the hopes and aspirations of the English nation.

The defeat of the Armada made England the mistress of the seas, and gave new impulse to the spirit of adventure and to the passion for seeing and knowing unknown lands. When Shakespeare came to London he must have touched elbows with soldiers and sailors who had visited many ports, with men who had circumnavigated the globe, who had penetrated central Asia, or had faced the perils of the Barbary coast. With a high confidence springing from the triumph over Spain, English seamen longed for other conquests, and sought to explore every land and every sea. Sailors could tell stories of the wonders of newly discovered America and be sure of an audience that listened in simple belief to the marvellous tales of a strange land and of a yet stranger people: —

"travellers ne'er did lie,"

declares Antonio,

"Though fools at home condemn 'em,"[1]

[1] *The Tempest*, III., iii., 26-27.

and Othello, in true Elizabethan style, wins the attention of his hearers by telling the story of his life and describing

> "Cannibals that each other eat,
> The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."[1]

The love of travel was more than a passion for discovering new lands and seeing strange peoples. Distant journeys meant privation and danger which appealed to the adventurous sailor hardened to the perils of the sea. For those unwilling to endure a long and hazardous voyage, France and Italy lay just across the Channel. It became the fashion for the wealthier class to visit these countries and, upon return to England, to imitate their manners and customs. The gentleman must have a knowledge of French and Italian before his education was complete, and a continental tour was considered the best way to acquire this. Italy, in particular, the home of the Renaissance, exercised a controlling influence upon the lighter forms of literature throughout the age. So minutely does Shakespeare seem to know the civilization of Italy, that it has been

[1] *Othello*, I., iii., 143–145.

thought by some that he gathered his knowledge from personal observation. Other Shakespearian students, however, have decided that he never visited any foreign country.[1] Be that as it may, he more than once satirizes the foreign airs which a certain class of his countrymen gave themselves: —

"Farewell, monsieur traveller; look you lisp and wear strange suits [says Rosalind], . . . and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or else I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola."[2]

Commenting upon the young baron of England, Portia exclaims: —

"He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and who . . . can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere."[3]

This repeated ridicule of the craze for travel and the imitation of foreign speech and dress must be

[1] It is, in fact, unlikely that Shakespeare ever set foot on the continent of Europe in either a private or professional capacity. — SIDNEY LEE.

[2] *As You Like It*, IV., i., 33–38.

[3] *Merchant of Venice*, I., ii., 75–83.

considered primarily as marking the intimate relation between the stage and the daily life of the people. Foreign travel had become popular and the continental tour had grown common; it was the business of the playwright to take note of it much as in our time the newspaper publishes the list of passengers and comments upon the travel to European countries. Shakespeare himself was deeply indebted to the writers of France and Italy, and conceits imitating the French and Italian sonneteers[1] are scattered at large over his entire collection.

The emphasis thus placed upon the lighter and more ephemeral phases of the social life of the time is generally characteristic of comedy, which by its nature appeals more directly to the untrained mind. The sense of security and peace which marked the age encouraged a study of more serious facts. The first flush of the Renaissance, when the revolt against the rigidity and narrowness of older standards was most active, had passed, and the deeper problems of life began to be considered. The quickened intelligence of the people demanded something less extravagant, less ridiculous, than the humorous

[1] Ronsard and Petrarch.

criticism, however keen and brilliant, of passing fashions. Francis Bacon, Shakespeare's great contemporary, sought to turn the minds of men from the barren speculations of the Middle Ages and to introduce a method of science which should increase the happiness of the race; the Copernican system of astronomy was receiving the attention of scholars and winning a tardy acceptance which revolutionized former conceptions of the earth and its place in the solar system; Harvey, the great physiologist, was about to publish his discovery of the circulation of the blood, disclosing the nice adjustments and wonderful mechanism of the human body. A restless curiosity to know what had been thought and done in the world, to explore the inmost recesses of human nature, and to lay bare the ultimate facts of life seems to have characterized the temper of a small but influential class of Englishmen, which grew larger as the age advanced. Higher ideals of conduct, a philosophy of life, the relations of man to the unseen world, were questions which became important and deeply interesting.

The Elizabethan stage reflects all this no less faithfully than it does the commonplaces of daily

life, and nowhere is the new range of thought more clearly indicated than in the tragedies of Shakespeare: —

> "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"[1]

Such a burst of wonder and admiration is paralleled by fine insight into character and a subtle study of the interplay of motive. The four great tragedies of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Othello*, all written after the year 1600, are expressions of personal mood and feeling peculiar in large measure to the master mind that conceived them, but reflect no less truly the spirit of the age, — its growing seriousness, more critical temper, and deeper convictions.

During the early years of Elizabeth's reign the theatres had been forced to find a refuge beyond the corporate limits of London. Under her patronage, however, organized companies of actors were placed under the nominal protection of noblemen and were soon strong enough to enter the city. But from

[1] *Hamlet*, II., ii., 315–320.

the beginning the drama was vigorously denounced by religious parties, and it was only the powerful influence of the court that prevented the city authorities from completely suppressing it. After the accession of James, the opposition of the civil authorities was joined to that of the Puritans. The closeness of the drama to the inmost life of the people, its willingness to represent every phase of popular taste and feeling, the questionable character of a large part of its audience, the immoral lives of many of the actors, and the frequent brawls which attended the performances no doubt gave good cause for censure. Its very popularity became its peril. Merged with the increasing distaste of the intelligent middle class for its buffoonery and license, the long-smothered hostility of the Puritan rapidly grew strong. Next to his contempt for the English Church was his hatred of the stage. The accessories and surroundings of the theatre, the frivolous tone of the mixed audience, and the airy trifling with serious questions stung his antagonism into fierce activity.

Long before Shakespeare retired to Stratford, this opposition to the theatre, "silently or noisily spread-

ing" throughout the kingdom, had made itself felt. That Shakespeare and his fellow-playwrights were not in sympathy with the Puritan ideal is evident from allusions in his later plays. The clown in *Winter's Tale*, speaking of the shearers, remarks that there is "but one Puritan amongst them and he sings songs to hornpipes."[1] The reference to Malvolio in *Twelfth Night* has often been cited:—

"MARIA. Marry sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR ANDREW. O! if I thought that I'd beat him like a dog.

SIR TOBY. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR ANDREW. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough."[2]

During the last years of James I. and throughout the reign of Charles I. the drama declined as the two political parties became more distinct in aims and diverse in ideals. Dramatic writers turned more and more to the court for their inspiration and encouragement. The intolerance of the Puritan, at first appearing as a healthful restraint, became

[1] IV., iii., 46–48. [2] II., iii., 151–155.

more aggressive, and finally hardened into a stern determination not only to live his own life as he would, but to regulate the lives of others according to the strict teachings of the Puritan party.

The relations between Charles II. and the English people, strained from the very beginning of his reign, reached a critical stage when he summoned the Long Parliament in 1640. This body as soon as it was installed took in hand the government of the nation. One of the first measures, passed almost unanimously by both houses, closed the theatres throughout the kingdom. For eighteen years, until the Restoration, when Charles II. ascended the throne, the actors' profession was under ban, and dramatic entertainments of a public character were forbidden by law.

The Tempest

It is generally agreed that *The Tempest* is the latest play which Shakespeare completed, and that the date of its composition was 1610, — probably in the autumn of that year, — though there are those who would place it as late as 1613. It is included in a list of plays which were performed during the marriage festivities of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., in 1613, and it has been believed by certain students of Shakespeare that it was written specially for the occasion. According to Malone, one of the earlier editors who made the first attempt to arrange the plays chronologically, *The Tempest* was in existence in 1611. There is good reason to believe that it was written several months earlier than this.

The sources from which Shakespeare drew some of the material for *The Tempest* are several, but to none of these is he deeply indebted. In 1609 a fleet under command of Sir George Somers sailed from England for the colony newly established in Virginia. During the voyage a violent storm arose

and one of the ships was driven upon the rocky coasts of the Bermuda Islands, which were then unknown. The ship's crew, numbering one hundred and fifty persons, succeeded in reaching the mainland, where they remained nearly a year, or until such time as they could escape in two small boats to Virginia.

In 1610 there appeared in England a complete account of the wreck and of the hitherto unexplored Bermuda Islands. The pamphlet was written by Sylvester Jourdan, who was one of the crew, and spoke, therefore, from personal experience. He describes the terror of the men when the ship struck the rocks, and says that they "began to take leave of each other, many from weariness having fallen asleep." The boat was jammed between two rocks some distance from the shore, which they reached by means of a small skiff. Here they found an admirable climate and "the country abundantly fruitful; yet," he continues, "the Islands, as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any Christian or heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place."

Jourdan's pamphlet was soon followed by several others published in quick succession. In one of these "the islands have ever been accounted as an enchanted pile of rock and a desert habitation for devils; but all the furies of the rocks were but flocks of birds, and the devils that haunted the woods were but herds of swine." There can be little doubt that Shakespeare, who mentions "the still vexed Bermuthes,"[1] had many hints from the pamphleteers and incorporated them in *The Tempest*. The description of the storm and wreck,[2] together with the speech[3] of Ariel and the comment of Adrian,[4] is very suggestive of the lines quoted above from Jourdan, and seems to indicate an intimate acquaintance with his printed report. Other passages in *The Tempest* have been traced to Eden's translation of Magellan's *Voyage to the South Pole*,[5] to Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*,[6] and to Golding's translation of *Ovid*.[7]

Because of the fact that Shakespeare uses for

[1] I., ii., 229.
[2] I., i.
[3] I., ii., 226–237.
[4] II., i., 37.
[5] Cf. I., ii., 373.
[6] Cf. II., i., 150–167.
[7] Cf. V., i., 33–49.

most of his dramas the outlines of older plays, stories well known to his audiences, scraps of history or novels, it has been assumed that there is a source for the main plot of *The Tempest*. A diligent search has failed to discover this. The German scholar Tieck has noted a marked resemblance between *Die Schöne Sidea*,[1] a play by Jacob Ayer, and *The Tempest*, but the stories have too little in common to justify a belief that Shakespeare borrowed his plot from the German playwright. The characters are different as well as the localities, and the central movement in *The Tempest* depends upon situations quite dissimilar to those in *Die Schöne Sidea*.

From the days of James I. to our own time *The Tempest* has been one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays. Its early success was probably due in large measure to the common belief in magic and in the actual existence of the fairy world. "To the Shakespearian audience," says Furness, "witchcraft and enchantment were facts not to be questioned, and Caliban was as veritable a possibility

[1] *Die Schöne Sidea*, translated from the German, is published in Furness' Variorum edition of *The Tempest*.

as Ferdinand." The widespread belief in witchcraft may be inferred from Dryden's statement, made nearly sixty years after *The Tempest* was written, that Caliban's parentage was "not wholly beyond the bounds of credulity." The representation of Ariel and his fairy troop, together with Prospero the master magician, who could control "the elements" as well as all living things by the simple movement of his wand, must have excited the keenest admiration.

Another cause for the early popularity of the play is to be found in the exquisite lyrics[1] which occur in nearly every scene. The high poetic quality of these lyrics was enhanced by the melodies to which they were set by Robert Johnson, a leading musician of the period.

The Tempest has been a fruitful source of inspiration for writers dramatic and otherwise from Shakespeare's time to the present. Fletcher (1576–1625), a late contemporary of Shakespeare, in writing his *Sea Voyage*, made use of the plot with no great changes. In 1667 Dryden imitated or rather

[1] See Note I., ii., 396.

adapted *The Tempest*, producing at the Duke of York's Theatre *The Enchanted Island*. For Miranda, Dryden substitutes Hippolito, the rightful Duke of Mantua, who has never seen a woman. The figure of Caliban loses all its savage vigor and rude poetry, Ariel is made to fall in love with another spirit, and the exquisite purity of *The Tempest* is sacrificed in a plot which is unpleasantly suggestive. Other changes made give greater opportunities for spectacular show, which had become more important and was receiving more attention in theatrical performances since the Restoration.

Differing widely from Dryden's romance is the political drama written in 1878 by M. Renan under the title of *Caliban*. The author asks that his play be taken merely "as the amusement of an ideologist, not as a political thesis"; as such it seems best to regard it. It is a continuation of *The Tempest*. Prospero, with his friends, Ariel, Caliban, Gonzalo, and Trinculo, returns to Milan, where he is reinstated as duke. Yielding again to his passion for books, he is soon immersed in study and once more neglects the duties of government. Caliban has free access to Prospero's wine cellar.

In his cups he soon begins to plot against his master, having become interested in political questions. He particularly dislikes the idea of belonging to Prospero and discusses at length the Rights of Man. He wins many followers. A revolution planned and inaugurated by Caliban proves successful. Prospero is defeated and Caliban becomes Duke of Milan, in which position he is portrayed as the embodiment of the lowest political principles. The keenness and brilliancy of the satire fail to conceal the earnestness with which the author regards the new duke, who cajoles and coerces in true Machiavellian fashion. Ariel sent by Prospero to put down the revolutionists returns defeated with the report that Caliban is supreme. "Revolution is Realism; in what is visionary, ideal, the People have no faith. Faith is necessary if our ideal terrors are to be felt." In the closing scene Prospero sets Ariel free. He vanishes, bidding Prospero farewell: "I shall blossom with the rose, I shall grow green with the myrtle, exhaling perfume with the carnation, pale with the olive. Adieu, my master, remember thy Ariel."

From another point of view Caliban has been

made the subject of one of Robert Browning's most characteristic poems, *Caliban upon Setebos*. Here a keenly observant but untrained mind seeks to know the mysteries of life: to explain the problem of evil, to understand the nature of the overruling power, whom he names Setebos. "Lying at midday with elbows wide, fists clenched to prop his chin, near his cave, kicking his feet in cool slush, and looking out over the sea, which sunbeams cross and recross," he decides to talk to himself about "that other whom his dam calls God." Thus meditating he wonders whether or not Setebos be contented, busy, or idle. Did he make the sun and all that we see, or is there some higher power to whom Setebos is subject? Setebos favors Prospero and dislikes Caliban. Why? Is there a right and wrong or is it mere caprice? Perhaps Setebos will become tired of the world and quit watching it; or he may grow old and doze, which after all would be as good as if he were dead.

While the groping savage thus vaguely questions the government and order of the world which he cannot understand, the heavens suddenly grow dark with the heavy clouds of an approaching

storm. A blinding flash of lightning accompanied by a burst of thunder strikes him into a paroxysm of terror:—

"It was fool's play, this prattling! Ha! the wind
Shouldered the pillared dust, death's house o' the move
And fast invading fires begin! White blaze —
A tree's head snaps — and there, there, there, there, there,
His thunder follows! Fool to gibe at Him!
Lo! 'Lieth flat and loveth Setebos."

With the exception of *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar*, no other of Shakespeare's plays has called forth such voluminous annotations as *The Tempest*. While Browning and other[1] creative artists have been inspired to write upon Caliban, Ariel, and Miranda, Shakespearian students have been led to the most careful consideration of the text of the play until the amount of critical comment has assumed large proportions. Such attention seems at first thought remarkable, for *The Tempest* as a play is lacking in the essentially dramatic qualities which are so keenly interesting to reader or audience. There is little

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if any attempt to portray the natural order of events, or to show under the stress of circumstances the gradual unfolding of character. Prospero controls the situation, and from the first one feels that the course of action is predetermined and fixed. The "unities" of time and place, adhered to throughout, make impossible that freedom of movement and interplay of motive, without which no strongly marked individuality can be presented.

In no other drama, however, has Shakespeare given freer play to his imagination than in *The Tempest*, with the possible exception of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In both comedies the mainsprings of the action lie beyond the natural course and scope of purely human affairs, thus permitting the unrestrained exercise of the poet's fancy. It is the unique personality of these imaginary characters which constitutes the main charm of *The Tempest*.

Prospero, Duke of Milan, became engrossed in secret studies and turned over to his brother, Antonio, the government of his state. Antonio proved faithless, and, conspiring with Alonzo, king of Naples, and with Sebastian, the king's

brother, usurped the dukedom. Prospero, with his only child, Miranda, is banished to a lonely island, uninhabited, save by Caliban, the offspring of a witch, and Ariel, a fairy spirit, who has been imprisoned in the heart of an oak. Here the exiled duke remains, devoting himself to the education of his daughter and to a prolonged study of magic. Ariel is released from his prison, and gratefully becomes the trusted friend and messenger of his benefactor. Caliban, who is represented as part man, part fish, and of a savage nature, is treated with kindness and taught some of the ways of civilization. He repays Prospero by gross misconduct, and is henceforth confined to a cave and compelled to do the work of a servant.

Twelve years have passed, and Miranda is fifteen years of age when the play begins. Alonzo, accompanied by Antonio, Sebastian, and other attendants, is returning from northern Africa, where he has witnessed the marriage of his daughter. The royal fleet is passing near the island of the banished duke, when Prospero causes a violent storm to scatter the vessels and to drive the king's ship upon the shore. Through his magic he separates Alonzo's attendants

into groups. The king believes that his son, Ferdinand, has been drowned, and sorely grieves over his loss. Directed by Prospero, Ariel brings together Miranda and Ferdinand, who fall in love with one another. After many trials and much suffering, Alonzo and his friends are brought before Prospero. Humiliated and repentant, the king restores the dukedom to Prospero and agrees to the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda.

In Prospero, Shakespeare has become more personal than in any other character, save Hamlet. To feel the truth of this it is only necessary to turn to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, written when the poet was young, and contrast it with *The Tempest*, written nearly twenty years later. The two plays have much in common. Both were produced to celebrate a marriage, both deal with a fairy world, both include a large element of the masque, and both introduce the use of magic. Yet the difference is still more clearly marked. The early play is vivacious, eager in its spirit of fun and in its positive enjoyment of life. There is not a shadow of gloom or a deeply serious character in it. Its tone is that of thoughtless youth not yet hardened into definite convictions.

The Tempest is "touched with autumn" throughout. From the opening scenes one feels the calm indifference with which the banished duke, the central figure, regards the world and its affairs. His sole interest is the happiness of his daughter, and even in this his serenity of temper is undisturbed. His detachment from life is not unmixed with pity for its ambitions, its hopes and desires. He holds himself aloof from its noise and delusions with a profound knowledge of their vanity. It is not necessary to elaborate a finely spun allegory in which Shakespeare specifically portrays his life in the character of Prospero in order to show that it is largely touched with the personal element. The highly wrought theory that Miranda may be regarded as "Art in its infancy"; Caliban, "the grosser passions and appetites"; Ariel, "the imaginative genius of poetry"; Ferdinand, "the young Fletcher" who collaborated with Shakespeare in writing *Henry VIII.* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen;* and that the poet's abandonment of the stage is typified in Prospero's departure from the islands, is ingenious and pleasantly suggestive, but hardly more. It is in the less definite but more convincing

way that Prospero suggests the personality of Shakespeare — suggests it so strongly that one cannot escape the feeling that the poet is writing out the facts and experiences of his own nature.

The character of Ariel is unique. Confined for long years in the heart of an oak by Sycorax because he was

> "too delicate
> To act her earthy and abhorred commands,"

he is set free by Prospero upon condition of a certain period of service. And faithfully does he keep his promise. An airy spirit, unfettered by human attributes, he can fly, swim, "dive into the fire," "ride on the curl'd clouds," and assume at pleasure any shape or appearance. At Prospero's command he raises the storm which drives the vessel of Alonso upon the shores of the island: —

> "I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
> I flamed amazement: sometimes I'ld divide,
> And burn in many places: on the topmast,
> The yards and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,
> Then meet and join."

In the form of a nymph he allays the fury of the

storm and by his sweet singing draws Ferdinand to Prospero's cell. With the aid of his "meaner fellows," he brings Alonso to a keen realization of his past cruelty to the banished duke, circumvents the evil designs of Antonio and Sebastian, and soundly punishes Caliban and his confederates for their treachery.

Yet with all his nimbleness of spirit and quickness of insight into his master's wishes, he is not human and longs to be free from bondage. His great debt to Prospero he acknowledges, yet he is too far removed from the emotional life of man to be deeply touched by gratitude or other human sentiment. "In air he lives, from air he derives his being, in air he acts," observes Coleridge, "and all his colors and properties seem to have been obtained from the rainbow and the skies."

No less distinct and more strikingly original is Caliban, whom Prospero employs as a servant. It has become a commonplace to speak of him as the earthy counterpart of Ariel. A savage monster, distorted in form and gross in mind, he stands midway between the animal pure and simple and human kind. With the instincts of a brute and without

At the appearance of Ferdinand her wonder and admiration are unconcealed, and she speaks with the open directness of innocent childhood: —

> "I might call him
> A thing divine, for nothing natural
> I ever saw so noble,"

and later when the young prince has declared his love she acknowledges her affection for him with the exquisite modesty of a nature untouched by the artificial deceits and usages of social life: —

> "I am your wife, if you will marry me;
> If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
> You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
> Whether you will or no."

The remaining characters of the play are more or less commonplace. Ferdinand, grown to manhood amid the surroundings of his father's court, seems to be characterized by some nobility of mind, due largely, perhaps, to his new-born love for Miranda; Sebastian and Antonio are not greatly distinguished from other personalities of evil nature and weak ambition; Stephano and Trinculo are stock characters with little individuality; they are types to be found in almost every Shakespearian play, and in

no large sense affect the general movement of the drama.

As a drama *The Tempest* does not rank so high as some other plays; yet as the final expression of Shakespeare's imaginative power it is unapproachable. "It is," observes an appreciative critic,[1] "in certain respects his masterpiece; . . . as a poem cast in dramatic form, one of the most beautiful creations in English poetry. The profound meditativeness and rich intellectual quality of *Hamlet* are fused in it with the lovely fancy of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, while in deep and sustained play of imagination, fashioning the play in its structure, shaping its parts to one high end, touching it everywhere with a kind of ultimate beauty, it stands alone not only in Shakespeare's work but in modern poetry."

[1] H. W. Mabie, "William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man."

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THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*

PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan*

FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*

ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.

Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } *presented by Spirits.*

Other Spirits attending on Prospero

THE TEMPEST

ACT FIRST. — Scene I.

On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-Master *and a* Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good,° speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely,° or we run ourselves aground°: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough°!

Enter ALONSO°, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.°

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers° for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself.° You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,° we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance

of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion° is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.° [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, *and* Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent

noisemaker. We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

Boats. Lay her a-hold,° a-hold! set her two courses°; off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely° cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapp'd rascal, — would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides°!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut him.°

[*A confused noise within:* 'Mercy on us!' — 'We split, we split!' — 'Farewell my wife and children!' —
'Farewell, brother!' — 'We split, we split, we split!']

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

[*Exeunt* Ant. *and* Seb.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The island. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,

Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,°
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere°
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls° within her.

Pros. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence° I am, nor that I am more better°
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. — So:

[*Lays down his mantle.*

Lie there, my art.° Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul,
No, not so much perdition° as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.
Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'
Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out° three years old.
Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pros. By what? by any other house or person?

Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mir. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.
Mir. But that I do not.
Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mir. Sir, are not you my father?
Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess, no worse issued.
Mir. O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen° that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.
Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio, —
I pray thee, mark me,° — that a brother should
Be so perfidious! — he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash for over-topping,° new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent,° did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary,° as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one

Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o'er the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: — hence his ambition growing, —
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan.° Me,° poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, — alas, poor Milan! —
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
Pros. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o'° the premises,
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honors, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose,° did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.°
Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint°
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.°

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt,° not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me

An undergoing stomach,° to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mir. How came we ashore?
Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.°
Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros. Now I arise°: [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit°
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith° doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.
[Miranda *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel,° come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.°

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point° the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship°; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,°
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil°
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation.° All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me°: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, — then like reeds, not hair, —

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'
Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining° garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.°
Pros. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.
Ari. Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,° there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labor,

I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,°
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Pros. At least two glasses.° The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,°
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pros. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served

Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.°
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax,° who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.°
Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible

To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did°
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pros. This blue-eyed° hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born — not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ari. Yes, Caliban° her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent° to command,
And do my spiriting gently.
Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?
Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,

And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!
[*Exit* Ariel.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him°: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Cal. [*Within*] There's wood enough within.°
Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.°

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye°
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins°
Shall, for that vast° of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't°; and teach me how

To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour

One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning,° but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,°
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague° rid you
For learning° me your language!
Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,°
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence! [*Exit* Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel,° *invisible, playing and singing;* Ferdinand *following.*

Ariel's song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist°:
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. The watch dogs bark:
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,

Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies°;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burthen: Ding-dong

Ari. Hark! now I hear them, — Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes: — I hear it now above me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pros. How? the best?
What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing,° as I am now, that wonder
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
Mir. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son° being twain.
Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver° daughter could control thee,°
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes.° Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [*To* FER.] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To* Fer.] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:

Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.°
Pros. What! I say,
My foot my tutor°? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward°;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you, father.
Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mir. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves° are in their infancy again,
And have no vigor in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pros. [*Aside*] It works. [*To* Fer.] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To* Fer.] Follow me.
[*To* Ari.] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
Mir. Be of comfort;

My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND. — Scene I.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe°
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions

Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor° will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One: tell.°

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer° —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolor comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet, —

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.°

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! — So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —

Seb. Yet, —

Adr. Yet, —

Ant. He could not miss't.°

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green° in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, — which is indeed almost beyond credit. —

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.°

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.°

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.°

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate,° I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate,° she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd

As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, forever: Milan and Naples have
Mo° widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.
Alon. So is the dear'st° o' the loss.
Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.°

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation° of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'ld sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth° I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn,° bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—

Seb. Yet he would be king° on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison,° all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, — do you mark me, sir?

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel (*invisible*) *playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.°

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except* Alon., Seb., *and* Ant.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. — Wondrous heavy.
[Alonso *sleeps*. *Exit* Ariel.
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.°
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? — O, what might? — No more: —
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee°; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me°; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.°

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men,° indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded, —
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade, — the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that "no hope"
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note,° unless the sun were post, —

The man i' the moon's too slow, — till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.°

Seb. What stuff is this! how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake." Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat.° O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater° than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience.
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,°
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed forever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk°;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*

Re-enter Ariel *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth, —
For else his project dies, — to keep them living.
[*Sings in* Gonzalo's *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care.
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [*They wake.*
Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake! — Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing° your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar°
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: — there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts![c]
For he is, sure, i' th' island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal[c] a disease! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard° that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John.° A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make

a man; any strange beast there makes a man°: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar,° they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.° Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine°; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs° of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, *singing: a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore, —
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks. Sings.*]
The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch;
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: — O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with salvages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: — O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he

have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much° for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat°: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be — but he is drowned; and these are devils: — O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices, — a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come: — Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.°

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,— be not afeard, — thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed!

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How camest thou

hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs° grow;
And I with my long nails will dig the pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels° from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*]

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master: — get a new man.°
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD. — Scene I.

Before Prospero's *cell.*

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful,° and their labor
Delight in them sets off°: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,
Most busy lest,° when I do it.

Enter Miranda; *and* Prospero *at a distance, unseen.*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Pros. Poor worm,° thou art infected!
This visitation° shows it.
Mir. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you, —
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, —
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda. — O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration°! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues

Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil°: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face° remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of°; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so! — and would no more endure
This wooden slavery° than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did

My heart fly to your service, there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
Mir. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honor you.
Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow

You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.
Mir. My husband, then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt* Fer. *and* Mir. *severally.*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book°;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me; — when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore

bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.°

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.°

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs,° and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honor°? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debosh°ed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, — the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*°

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him, — for I know thou darest,
But this thing° dare not, —

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's° this! Thou scurvy patch°!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish° of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. — Prithee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. — Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand° with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I.° Burn but his books.°
He has brave utensils, — for so he calls them, —
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she°;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen, — save our graces! — and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. — Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em,
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.°

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin,° I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights° and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer°: he is drown'd

Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.
Ant. [*Aside to* Seb.] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.
Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.°
Ant. [*Aside to* Seb.] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
Seb. [*Aside to* Ant.] I say, to-night: no more.
[*Solemn and strange music.*
Alon. What harmony is this? — My good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter Prospero *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! — What were these?

Seb. A living drollery.° Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix°
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders, —
For, certes, these are people of the island, —
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse° 36
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing —
Although they want the use of tongue — a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.°
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs. —
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh°? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts°? which now we find
Each putter-out of five° for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, *like a harpy°; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny, —
That hath to instrument° this lower world
And what is in't, — the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit, — you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valor men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[Alon., Seb., *&c. draw their swords.*

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds,° or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle° that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember, —
For that's my business to you, — that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition — worse than any death°
Can be at once — shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from, —
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads, — is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear° life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, — whom they suppose is drown'd, —
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare°?
Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.°
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
Ant. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* Seb. *and* Ant.
Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilts,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH. — Scene I.

Before Prospero's *cell.*

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,°
Or that for which I live; who° once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely° stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,°
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps° shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion°
Our worser genius can,° shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds° are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you

In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,°
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity° of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,°
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent.° [*Soft music.*

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres,° most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,° them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,°
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt° vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air; — the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here, on this glass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: — her peacocks fly amain°:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-color'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; — why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate°
On the blest lovers.
Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis° my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.
Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos,° and her son
Dove-drawn° with her. Here thought they to
have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch° be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion° is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed° son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,°
And be a boy right out.°

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honor'd in their issue. [*They sing:*

Juno. Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison° plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;

Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest°!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly.° May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd° father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.
[Juno *and* Ceres *whisper, and send* Iris *on employment.*
Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.
Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wind-ring° brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,

Leave your crisp° channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.°

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid; no more!

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.°

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.°
Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,°
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are meltered into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,° shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack° behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on°; and our little life
Is rounded° with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.
Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*
Pros. Come with a thought.° I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with° Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee° of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale° to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.° I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter Ariel,° *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*
Come, hang them on this line.°

Prospero *and* Ariel *remain invisible. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole° may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a

harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack° with us. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you, —

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still. Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly. All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here, This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter. Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own forever, and I,° thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer°! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.° O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level,° an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate°; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles,° or to apes
With foreheads° villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; Prospero *and* Ariel *setting them on.*

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[Cal., Ste., *and* Trin. *are driven out.*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps°; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!
Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH. — SCENE I.

Before the cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not°; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright° with his carriage. How's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?
Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,

In the line-grove° which weather-fends° your cell; 10
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo'; 15
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling 21
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,°
Passion as they,° be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick, 25
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
Pros. Ye elves° of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot°
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid —
Weak masters° though ye be — I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs° pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, — which even now I do, —
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL *before: then* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks:*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy° Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes° that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir°
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home° both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse° and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable° shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel *sings and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:°
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.°
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.°
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere° your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle° to abuse° me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave —
An if this be at all° — a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.° — But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?
Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measured or confined.
Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties° o' the isle, that will not let you

Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to* Seb. *and* Ant.] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify° you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault, — all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost —
How sharp the point of this remembrance is! —
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think

You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss!
Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,°
That they devour their reason,° and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here PROSPERO *discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,°
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.
Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [*To* Fer. *and* Mir.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,°
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship —
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split —
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. [*Aside to* Pros.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Pros. [*Aside to* Ari.] My tricksey spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,

And — how we know not — all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: — on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [*Aside to* Pros.] Was't well done?

Pros. [*Aside to* Ari.] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single° I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every

These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to* Ari.] Come
hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit* Ariel.] How fares my
gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. — Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges° of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.° This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil —
For he's a bastard one — had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor° that hath gilded 'em? —
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not; — I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.
Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*Pointing to* Caliban.
Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!
Pros. Go to; away!
Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Seb. Or stole it, rather.
[*Exeunt* Cal., Ste., *and* Trin.
Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pros. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to* Ari.] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,

Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands°:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,°
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.°
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

NOTES

Act I. Scene I

This scene, though it does not carry one into the main action of the play or foreshadow, even dimly, what this action will be, becomes very clear of purpose in the later speech of Miranda and Prospero. "It is," says Coleridge, "admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, giving, as it were, the keynote of the whole harmony. It prepares and initiates the excitement required for the entire piece, and yet does not demand anything from the spectators which their previous habits had not fitted them to understand."

3. **good.** Good friend. It is not in answer to boatswain's question, "What cheer?"

4. **yarely.** Quickly, deftly.

4. **or we run ourselves aground.** "The first scene of *The Tempest* is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakespeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time." — Malone.

9. **if room enough.** The thing chiefly dangerous to a good sea boat during a storm is in being too near the land.

Enter Alonso. The king and his companions come up from the cabins below the deck.

16. **assist the storm.** Cf. *Pericles*, III., i., 19:—

"Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm."

19. **What cares these roarers.** "Elizabethan ears were not as sensitive as ours to the distinction between the singular and the plural."—Furness. See Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, ¶ 335. In Shakespeare's time a **roarer** was a bully, a braggadocio.

23. **None that I more love than myself.** "Neither Smollett nor Marryat nor even Fenimore Cooper ever drew a more graphic character. In the space of a single page we learn to know him as thoroughly as though he lived and moved in our presence. He is a matchless specimen of the old, old school of mariners,—much akin to the ancient seamen so minutely painted by Chaucer. A thorough seaman is he; a fine, hardened, blustering, dogmatic, domineering old fellow, whose shaggy beard has been outspread in a hundred tempests."—Anon.

26. **of the present.** Immediately.

34. **complexion.** Nature, temperament.

40. **Bring her to try with main-course.** Set the mainsail so as to lay the vessel close to the wind.

53. **a-hold.** Keep her close to the wind.

54. **courses.** The largest lower sails of a ship.

60. **merely.** Entirely, completely.

62. **ten tides.** "Pirates and robbers . . . are hanged on shore at low-water mark, where they are left until three tides have overwashed them." — Harrison's *Description of England*. For such a rascal as the boatswain three tides are not enough; he should have ten.

64. **to glut him.** To engulf him.

Scene II

This scene serves to put us in possession of all the facts, past and present, needful to understand the plot. We are at once in the land of enchantment with Prospero the magician. The past of Prospero, the rightful duke of Milan, is as a background whereon are thrown the characters of Miranda, Ariel, and Caliban. In learning to know the cruel wrong done Prospero and the circumstances of his life on the island, we come to the main action of the play, which begins with the entrance of Ferdinand.

7. **some noble creature in her.** "The doubt here intimated could have occurred to no mind but to that of Miranda, who had been bred up in the island with her father and a monster only; she did not know as others do what sort of creatures were in the ship; others never would have introduced such a conjecture." — Coleridge.

11. **or ere.** Or aer; Elizabethan English, "before." "Or" is used here for emphasis.

13. **fraughting souls.** The people on board the ship,— the "freight" of the ship.

19. **Of whence.** The "of" is, of course, redundant. Cf. Abbott, ¶ 179. **more better.** The double comparative is often employed in Elizabethan English.

25. **Lie there, my art.** A magician devoted body and soul to his art can claim but little of our sympathy; witness even the most lovable and charming of the magicians and genii in the *Arabian Nights*, they stand remote from us as superhuman and supernatural beings. But Prospero's magic resides only in his Mantle, Staff, and Book; Prospero himself remains akin to us.

30. **perdition.** Used in the Latin sense "loss."

41. **Out.** Entirely.

64. **teen.** Sorrow.

67. **I pray thee, mark me.** Throughout Prospero's rehearsal of the circumstances of his banishment, there are abrupt changes in the sequence of his thought. Cf. lines 70, 77, 87, 106. This "network of anacoluthia," as it has been called, is an admirable reflex of Prospero's state of mind as he recalls the cruelty of Antonio. "No other human being can tell this story but Prospero himself; at the approach of the great moment of rescue he lives over again with vivid intensity all that misery into which he was plunged by the treachery of his brother, and which was alleviated by the kindness of Gonzalo." — Hense.

81. **To trash for over-topping.** A mixed figure referring to hunting and gardening. "To trash" was to hold a dog in check. "Overtopping" refers to a tree which grows faster than its companions.

94. **Like a good parent.** An allusion to the adage that a good father usually has a bad son.

95. **in its contrary.** "The possessive case of 'it' was not in common use before the eighteenth century. There are ten instances in Shakespeare of this form of the neuter possessive pronoun."

109. **Absolute Milan.** "He was no longer satisfied in filling the office of duke but would be the duke himself." — Wright.

109. **Me.** For me.

123. **in lieu o'.** In consideration of.

129. **Fated to the purpose.** Suited by fate to the purpose. Is there any good reason either in the sense of this phrase or in the phraseology of the lines which immediately follow for emending "purpose" to "practice" as suggested by Collier?

132. **thy crying self.** "Here by introducing a single happy epithet 'crying' a complete picture is presented to the mind, and in the production of such pictures the power of genius consists." — Coleridge.

134. **hint.** Theme, subject.

138. **impertinent.** In its Latin meaning, "not pertaining to."

146. **butt.** "A Dutch galliot, a boat with rounded ribs, very little rim, and flattish bottom — a sort of tub of a thing."

157. **undergoing stomach.** Firm determination.

168. **volumes that I prize above my dukedom.** Magicians and others skilled in the "black art" were supposed to peruse books which contained complete instructions for the practice of magic. The nature of these instructions was, of course, a profound secret, which the magician zealously guarded. A necromancer brought to trial for his practices was not considered penitent and free from sin until he had burned his books, which act was regarded as "burning his bridges behind him." Henceforth he was powerless to cast "spells" or to perform other supernatural acts with which he had been accredited.

169. **Now I arise.** Why Prospero should say this is not clear; why he arises is obvious. Ariel has appeared and Prospero wishes to put on his magic robe and resume the business of the hour.

172. **more profit.** "Profit" is here a verb.

181. **I find my zenith.** "There is here perhaps an imaginative blending of ideas: my fortune depends on a star, which, — being now in its zenith — is auspicious to me." — Allen. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, IV., iii., 218–221:—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

188. **Approach, my Ariel.** The entrance of Ariel here marks an abrupt change in the progress of the play. Pope considered it sufficient for a new scene, Scene iii.

193. **all his quality.** All his skill, or all his companion spirits over whom he had control.

194. **to point.** In every particular.

196–237. **I boarded the king's ship.** The first speech of Miranda in Scene ii. discloses the fact that the tempest has been raised by her father's magic. In the present lines is given a most definite description of the manner in which Ariel carried out Prospero's instructions.

200. **distinctly.** That is, separately.

207. **coil.** Tumult.

210. **tricks of desperation.** Acts of madness.

212. **all afire with me.** Ariel is, as his name indicates, a creature of the air, yet in this description of his actions there is much to warrant Moulton's assumption that he is also of the fire.

218. **sustaining.** Bore them up in the water. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV., vii., 176–177, where Ophelia drowns herself:—

"Her clothes spread wide
And mermaid like awhile they bore her up."

224. **His arms in this sad knot.** What word shows that Ariel illustrated his description by gesture?

229. **still-vex'd Bermoothes.** "The Bermudas," says Chalmers, "were ever reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather."

234. **flote.** Sea.

240. **two glasses.** Two hours; that is, it is two o'clock. The speech of Prospero marks rather definitely the time-element of the play.

242. **pains.** Tasks.

250. **To bate me a full year.** "This reluctance of the sylph to be under the command even of Prospero is kept up throughout the whole play, and in the exercise of his admirable judgment Shakespeare has availed himself of it in order to give Ariel an interest in the event, looking forward to that moment when he was to be given his only and last reward — simple and eternal liberty." — Coleridge.

258. **Sycorax.** Formed perhaps of the Greek σύς, a sow, and κόραξ, a raven. "The mere grossness of the one animal and the supposed malignity of the other may be referred to; and so the name Sycorax be designed to express a horrid mixture of these two characteristics." — Hales.

261. **Argier.** The name for Algiers until about the middle of the seventeenth century.

266. **one thing she did.** What this was we do not learn. Boswell thinks the line strengthens the opinion that the tempest was founded on some fable well known at the time to which it was sufficient to refer. "I have often admired (wondered)," says Lamb, "that none of the commentators have boggled at this passage — how they could swallow this camel — such a tantalizing piece of obscurity — such an abortion of an anecdote."

269. **blue-eyed.** "Blear-eyed" has been suggested as an emendation; does this reading more nearly satisfy the sense of the line?

284. **Caliban.** Generally believed to be derived by *metathesis* from "canibal," though this is unsatisfactory to Furness, who thinks the attributes of Caliban is no way suggestive of the description of cannibals. The word "canibal," however, which is derived from Spanish *canibales*, — "a caribbean", — was used as a general descriptive term for a West Indian monster. Those curious in the matter should look up the word "cannibal" in Murray's New Oxford Dictionary; and may also read Wilson's *Caliban: The Missing Link*, and Browning's *Caliban upon Setebos*.

297. **correspondent.** Obedient.

311. **miss him.** Do without him; cf. the German *missen, entbehren.*

314. **There's wood enough within.** "Caliban," says Coleridge, "is not seen at once; his voice is heard; this is the preparation — he was too offensive to be seen at first in all his deformity." Before Caliban's entrance Ariel appears as a water nymph, thus heightening the contrast.

Enter Caliban. At the entrance of Caliban Pope marks the beginning of Scene iv. See I., ii., 188.

323. **a south-west blow on ye.** The southwest wind bearing fogs was supposed to be unhealthful. Cf. *Coriolanus*, I., iv. 30:—

"All the contagions of the south light on you."

326. **urchins.** Malicious spirits in the form of hedgehogs.

327. **vast of night.** Waste of night. Cf. *Hamlet*, I., ii., 198:—

"In the dead vast and middle of the night."

334. **Water with berries in't.** Probably a description of coffee, though this drink was yet known in England only by report.

356. **Know thine own meaning.** By one critic the emendation of "show" for "know" has been proposed. Is this reasonable?

358. **race.** Inborn qualities.

364. **red plague.** Erysipelas or leprosy. **rid.** Destroy.

365. **learning.** Used in the sense of "teaching," a common substitution in Elizabethan English.

373. **Setebos.** Taken probably from Eden's *History of Travayle*, 1577. In the account of Magellan's voyage, he says, "Two of the Patagonian giants the captain took by deceit by loading them with presents and then causing shackles of iron to be put on their legs, . . . but they began to doubt, and when at last they saw how they were deceived they roared like bulls and cried upon their great devil Setebos to help them."

Re-enter Ariel. Pope marks here the beginning of Scene v. See I., ii., 320.

378. **The wild waves whist.** The wild waves being silent. Cf. the lines in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander:*—

> "Where all is *whist* and still,
> Save that the sea playing on yellow sand
> Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land."

397. **Full fathom five thy father lies.** Of passages in Shakespeare set to music the largest number selected from any one drama are those drawn from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which furnishes fifteen. *The Tempest* ranks second, furnishing thirteen. The first line of each passage is as follows:—

"Now I flamed amazement."
"Come unto these yellow sands."
"Full fathom five thy father lies."
"While you here do snoring lie."
"Before you can say come and go."
"Honors, riches, marriage, blessing."
"You sunburned sickle man of August weary."

"I shall no more to sea, to sea." "The cloud-capped towers."
"No more dams I make for fish." "Now does my project to a head."
"Flout 'em and scout 'em." "Where the bee sucks."

The music of two of these, "Full fathom five" and "Where the bee sucks," yet survives, and the tunes are supposed to be those sung on the stage in Shakespeare's time. The songs set to these tunes are given in Furness's Variorum Edition of *The Tempest*.

433. **A single thing.** Believing his father dead Ferdinand considers himself and the king of Naples one and the same person.

439. **his brave son.** "Here seems a slight forgetfulness in our poet, . . . we have no such character as the duke of Milan's son. No doubt in his first plan he had marked out such a character, but on second thought found it unnecessary."—Theobald. The character was perhaps struck out, but allusion to it thoughtlessly retained.

440. **more braver.** Cf. "more better," I., ii., 19.

440. **control thee.** contradict thee.

442. **changed eyes.** Exchanged glances. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, I., i., 163–164.

> "Sometimes from her eyes
> I did receive fair speechless messages."

469. **fearful.** Terrible.

470. **My foot my tutor.** Can the foot instruct the head?

472. **thy ward.** Thy position of defence.

485. **thy nerves.** Thy powers, strength.

Act II. Scene I

In this scene we learn to know further of Alonso, king of Naples, and of a plot to assassinate him. Antonio, the usurper of the dukedom of Milan and the instigator of the plot, twelve years before was the leading spirit in the banishment of Prospero. Associated with him now is Sebastian, the king's brother, whom he wins over by promising as a reward the crown of Naples. Through the magic of Prospero the conspirators are forestalled in their purpose just as they are on the point of murdering the king. Their plan is unknown to Alonso, and the intervention of Ariel does not weaken their resolution to kill the king at the first opportunity.

3. **hint of woe.** Cf. I., ii., 134; also *Hamlet*, I., ii., 102:—

> "A fault to nature
> . . . Whose common *theme*
> Is death of fathers."

11. **visitor.** Antonio ridicules Gonzalo, who is trying to console the king as one comforts the sick.

15. **tell.** Count. Cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 67–68.

"And every shepherd *tells* his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

17. **entertainer.** Sebastian pretends to believe that Gonzalo means by "entertainer" an "inn-keeper," and interrupts him by saying "dollar." Gonzalo retorts by punning with the word "dolor."

33. **A laughter.** "'Laughter' may be the cant name for some small coin commonly laid in betting." — Ingleby. This interpretation seems better than to consider "a laughter" synonymous with "a laugh."

40. **miss't.** Do without it. Cf. I., ii., 311.

55. **eye of green.** Shade of green, "eye" meaning a "small part."

76. **to their queen.** As their queen.

88. **miraculous harp.** Gonzalo's word has the power of the harp of Amphion, which raised the walls of Thebes.

10–97. **Why, in good time.** Pope considers these lines spurious, chiefly because they are "impertinent" and "illy placed in the mouths of unhappy shipwreckt people." Coleridge thinks they lay bare the characters of the villains, Antonio and Sebastian, and that the play would lose much by their omission.

102. **Bate.** Omit.

112. **in my rate.** In my estimation.

136. **Mo.** More.

138. **the dear'st.** " Dear " is used of things which touch us most closely. Cf. *Hamlet*, I., ii., 182:—

" Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven."

143. **chirurgeonly.** Like a surgeon.

146. **plantation.** Colonization. Antonio and Sebastian in order to twit Gonzalo take the word in the sense of planting seeds.

150–167. **I' the commonwealth.** In describing the imaginary state outlined here, Shakespeare had recourse to Florio's translation of Montaigne, in which the following occurs: " It is a nation that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of political superiority; no use of service, of riches, of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel, but natural; no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corn, or metal. The very words that impart lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon were never heard of among them."

155. **Bourn.** Means either (1) a brook or (2) a bound of land. As a commonwealth would fare ill without water, and as there is no point in repeating the phrase " bound of land," " bourn " is considered superfluous.

159–161. **Yet he would be king.** Gonzalo had said that if he were king of the island there should be no sovereignty

Antonio and Sebastian are quick to point out the contradiction. The entire passage is generally considered as indicating Shakespeare's attitude toward "Utopian treatises of government and the impracticable, inconsistent schemes therein recommended."

166. **foison.** Plenty.

188. **a bat-fowling.** Hunting bats by means of torches specially prepared to give a very bright light. The bats were blinded and then easily taken.

205 ff. **my spirits are nimble.** Of these lines Coleridge says: "The scene of the intended assassination of Alonso and Gonzalo is an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched a lower key throughout." The comparison seems inappropriate; the scene in *Macbeth* is infinitely more horrible.

210. **the occasion speaks thee.** The occasion or opportunity invites you.

223. **if heed me.** An ellipsis; for a similar one cf. I., ii., 446.

224. **Trebles thee o'er.** Makes you three times as great as you are now.

229. **Ebbing men.** Slothful men. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, IV., iii., 218–221.

251. **note.** Knowledge.

257. **In yours and my discharge.** Depend upon what you and I may do.

269. **A chough of as deep chat.** "Chough," a crow; Antonio means to say he could teach a crow to talk as well as Gonzalo.

276. **feater.** Better fitting.

279. **kibe.** Sore on the heel.

291. **as a cat laps milk.** That is, quietly.

313. **securing.** Guarding.

318. **the roar.** Krauth calls attention to the progressiveness of the exaggeration: "bellowing like bulls, or by lions; a din to frighten a monster, to make an earthquake; the roar of a whole herd of lions."

327. **these beasts.** What beasts does Gonzalo have in mind?

Scene II

This scene interests us chiefly as a portrayal of the character of Caliban. Accustomed as he is to the highest influences through the companionship and tutelage of Prospero and Miranda, he at once falls under the sway of two drunken roisterers. The "celestial liquor" wins him completely, and he pledges allegiance to his new-found "lord" with as much zeal as he renounces his master, Prospero. His nature is not wholly bad, however, and its brutality is softened by a rude poetic sense which makes him, one feels, superior to his companions.

3. **inch-meal.** Meal, from the Anglo-Saxon *mael* — a part. The compound "piece-meal" is more common.

21. **bombard.** A large drinking vessel.

28. **Poor-John.** Salted and dried hake.

32. **make a man.** Makes his fortune.

34. **lame beggar.** "Live" instead of "lame" has been suggested. Which is preferable?

34. **dead Indian.** The attempt has been made to prove this an allusion to the practice of seamen in bringing home Indians. In 1577 Frobisher took back with him a man, woman, and child. The man died at Bristol, but was taken to London and there buried, the incident attracting great attention.

40. **gaberdine.** A cloak. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, I., iii., 113:—

"And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine."

43. **dregs.** Trinculo has in mind the appearance of the cloud which he has said looks like a bombard.

79. **too much.** Ever so much.

85. **cat.** Alluding to the proverb, "Good liquor will make a cat speak."

102-3. **devil . . . long spoon.** In the Morality plays it was the custom for Vice furnished with a long wooden spoon to eat with the Devil. Stephano thinks of himself as Vice and Caliban as the Devil.

175. **crabs.** Crab apples.

180. **scamels.** A shell-fish, or a kind of sea bird that builds its nest among the rocks.

193. **get a new man.** Let old master get a new man; or, as Furness suggests: "I shall become a new man."

Act III. Scene I

"I would suggest to the reader's consideration," says Mrs. F. A. Kemble, "the curious felicity of the scene where Ferdinand and Miranda acknowledge their affection to each other. I mean in the harmonious contrast between a young prince bred in a court, himself the centre of a sphere of the most artificial civilization, and a girl not only without any knowledge of the world and society, but even without previous knowledge of the existence of any created man but her father and Caliban. Prospero was, after all, a mere man, and knew no better than to bring up Miranda to speak the truth, and the fair child had been so holily trained by him that her surrender of herself to the man she loves is so little feminine after the approved feminine fashion that it is simply angelic. That Shakespeare knew very well the difference between such a creature as Miranda and a well-brought-up young lady is plain enough when he makes poor Juliet, after her passionate confession of love, overheard by Romeo, apologize to him with quite pathetic mortification for not having been more 'strange.' But then Juliet was the flower of Veronese

young ladies, and her good mother and gossiping nurse were not likely to have neglected her education to the tune of letting her speak the truth without due preparation."

1. **are painful.** Not causing pain, but requiring labor.

2. **Delight in them sets off.** Cf. *Macbeth*, II., iii., 55:—

"The labor we delight in physics pain."

15. **Most busy lest.** This phrase has been the subject of much discussion. As it stands in the text it is unintelligible. Among others, three emendations, any of which seems reasonable, have been offered: (1) most busy least, (2) most busiest, and (3) most busyless.

31. **Poor worm.** These terms are not to be taken as indicating contempt, but rather pity.

32. **visitation.** A term employed and made familiar when the plague was of common occurrence in London.

38. **Indeed the top of admiration.** Ferdinand has in mind the etymology of the word "Miranda."

46. **put it to the foil.** Defeated it.

49. **no woman's face.** Is this a contradiction? Cf. I., ii., 47.

53. **skilless of.** Ignorant of.

62. **wooden slavery.** The work of piling logs.

71. **boded me.** Promised me.

94. **my book.** Cf. I., ii., 168.

Scene II

This scene carries further the infatuation of Caliban and gives the details of a plot to murder Prospero. Through the intervention of Ariel the conspirators fight among themselves, but finally deciding to follow the advice of Caliban they set off toward Prospero's cell.

19. **standard.** A bearer of a standard.

21. **he's no standard.** Punning upon the word "standard." Caliban is too drunk to stand.

23. **lie, like dogs.** "Lie" is used in its two meanings.

27. **How does thy honor?** Note the rhythm of Caliban's speeches. "I quite agree with Steevens in thinking that Caliban was intended *always* to speak in verse." — Dyce.

31. **deboshed.** Debauched.

Enter Ariel, — invisible. Formerly actors who were supposed to be seen only by the audience wore a particular kind of dress. "A robe for to go invisible" is one of the items in Henslowe's diary.

65. **this thing.** Trinculo.

73. **pied ninny.** As a clown Trinculo wears the striped jacket of the court fool.

73. **patch.** Another allusion to the jester's coat.

81. **stock-fish.** Dried cod which is beaten before it is boiled.

101. **Wezand.** Windpipe.

105. **As rootedly as I.** Is Caliban speaking the truth?

105. **his books.** See note, I., ii., 168.

111. **she.** By Grant White pronounced "mere carelessness" on Shakespeare's part. Cf. Abbott, ¶ 211.

137. **the picture of Nobody.** Played by the "invisible" Ariel. A punning allusion to a picture attached to a comedy entitled *Nobody and Somebody*, published before 1600. The picture represents a man with head, arms, and legs, but with no body.

Scene III

In this scene Alonso has brought home to him his part in the cruel and unjust banishment of Prospero. Following quick upon the supposed loss of his son Ferdinand, comes the trumpet-tongued accusation of Ariel and the rehearsal of his crime. The king is conscience-smitten and keenly repents his treachery; Antonio and Sebastian, his former accomplices, now his would-be assassins, are too hardened to be remorseful. Their repentance is yet far off, and their resolution to murder the king is in no degree shaken.

1. **By'r lakin.** By her ladykin. What is the force of the diminutive here?

3. **forth-rights.** Straight lines or paths.

8. **for my flatterer.** To comfort me.

14. **throughly.** Thoroughly.

21. **drollery.** Shows in which wooden puppets were operated by wires. Drolleries were very common in Shakespeare's time.

23. **one phœnix.** The story is by Pliny. "The Phœnix of Arabia passes all other birds, and . . . there is none but one of them in all the world. By report he is as big as an eagle, for color as yellow and bright as gold (namely, all about the neck); the rest of the body a deep red purple. . . . He lives 666 years, and when he grows old and begins to decay he builds himself [a pyre] with twigs and branches of the canell or cinnamon and Frankincense trees, and when he has filled it with all sorts of sweet aromatical spices, yields up his life thereon. Of his bones and marrow there breeds at first, as it were, a little worm, which afterward proves to be a pretty bird, which is the young phœnix."

36. **muse.** Wonder at.

39. **Praise in departing.** Do not give praise until the play is ended.

46. **Wallets of flesh.** Generally understood as referring to goitre, but Furness doubts this explanation and suggests that it is an allusion to a story of the Middle Ages in which satyrs are represented as having wallets of flesh under their chins, in which they carried their food.

47. **Whose heads stood in their breasts.** Another story

from Pliny; "the Blemmyi by report have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their breasts." Cf. *Othello*, I., iii., 144–145:—

> "The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

48. **Each putter-out of five.** It was the custom of travellers upon the eve of departure to deposit a certain sum of money with an agent. In the event of a safe return, the agent agreed to pay five pounds for each pound deposited.

Ariel, like a harpy. An allusion to the harpies of Vergil, Book III., 210–218. The harpy is described by Vergil as having the face of a woman and the body of a vulture, with long talons, and a countenance pallid with hunger.

54. **to instrument.** Cf. II., i., 76, also Luke iii., 8:—

> "We have Abraham to our father."

63. **Wound the loud winds.** Cf. *Macbeth*, V., viii., 10–11:—

> "As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
> With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed."

65. **dowle.** Delicate feather, down.

77. **worse than any death can be at once.** Worse than any sudden death can be.

82. **clear.** Upright, blameless.

95. **strange stare.** Alonso is absorbed in meditation upon the details of the banishment of Prospero. The

(supposed) loss of Ferdinand, together with the terrible accusation of Ariel, heightens and brings home to him the enormity of his crime. The effect upon Antonio and Sebastian of thus having their guilty past recalled is quite different.

99. **did bass my trespass.** Proclaim my crime in the loudest and fullest tones.

Act IV. Scene I

Aside from its presentation of a masque which celebrates, after the Elizabethan fashion, a marriage ceremony, this scene carries to its humorous collapse the plot of Caliban and his confederates. Caliban, more intelligent than his drunken companions, is yet unable to control them in trying to carry out his purpose to murder Prospero. While Stephano and Trinculo are plundering the cell of Prospero, to which they have been led by Caliban, Prospero and Ariel appear accompanied by many spirits. These assume the shape of dogs and set upon the assassins. The scene closes in an uproar caused in large part by the cries of Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano, who are soundly punished.

3. **a third of mine own life.** A much-disputed passage; the substitution of "thread" for "third" has been proposed, and many editors accept this emendation. "A third" as an expression of love for an only child is certainly rather too arithmetical to be pleasant or poetical. "The three thirds of Prospero's life," says Capell, "are his realm, his daughter, and himself."

4. **who.** Cf. I., ii., 231.

7. **strangely.** Wonderfully.

9. **boast her off.** "Boast of her" is the emendation accepted by Furness, chiefly because it avoids "the image of an auctioneer's exaggeration and volubility."

23. **Hymen's lamps.** "Hymen's lamp." It is probable that the *s* has intruded into the text by anticipation of the initial *s* in "shall." Shakespeare also was probably aware that Hymen bears only one light — a torch.

26. **suggestion.** Temptation.

27. **genius.** Attendant spirit. The thought behind this is that each one is attended or watched over by two genii, or demons, one good, the other bad. These two guardian spirits are in constant warfare, each trying to control the individual. Sometimes the one and sometimes the other is in the ascendant.

27. **can.** Used in its primary sense of "being able" — here "can give" would express the exact sense.

30. **Phœbus' steeds.** Alluding to the myth that Phœbus Apollo (the sun) drives round the earth in a chariot drawn by four horses.

37. **rabble.** Troop, the lesser spirits over whom Ariel has been given control. There is no idea of contempt in the word such as it now implies.

41. **vanity.** Illusion.

57. **corollary.** More than enough. Bring too many rather than too few spirits.

59. **be silent.** Those present when "spirits from their confines are called" must be silent or the spell is broken. Cf. IV., i., 126–127.

60–138. **Ceres:** The masque was at the height of its popularity in England during the last years of James I. Imported from Italy in the reign of Henry VIII., it steadily advanced in favor until the accession of Charles I., when it rapidly declined. The masque is characterized by picturesque scenes, gorgeous costuming, music, and dancing, and was considered specially appropriate as an entertainment at marriage festivals. Its theme is usually classical, frequently blended with the rites and practices of witchcraft. Ben Jonson wrote twenty-nine masques, fixing the type and doing more than any one else to make it popular.

Besides the masque in *The Tempest*, Shakespeare has introduced elements of this form into *As You Like It*, V., iv., 113–152, and *Cymbeline*, V., iv., 30–92, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* may be regarded as a masque comedy, rather than a comedy proper.

63. **stover.** A coarse hay used in the sixteenth century — denotes any kind of fodder.

64. **banks with pioned and twilled brims.** This line has brought forth six pages of critical comment in Furness's Variorum Edition of *The Tempest*. The difficulty lies in the meaning of the words "pioned" and "twilled." The

best interpretation seems to be: "the bank is trimmed at the behest of Ceres by spongy April *with flowers* to make cold nymphs chaste crows."

68. **pole-clipt.** "To clip" means to "twine around," to encircle. The poles of the vineyard were encircled by the vines.

74. **peacocks fly amain.** The peacock was sacred to Juno and drew her chariot.

85. **to estate.** To bestow.

89. **dusky Dis.** Pluto, the god of the Lower World, who abducted Proserpina, the daughter of Ceres, and took her to Hades. Ceres accuses Venus of being an accomplice.

93. **Paphos.** A village of Cyprus, where there was a temple erected in honor of Venus.

94. **Dove-drawn.** The chariot of Venus was drawn by doves.

97. **Hymen's torch.** Cf. IV., i., 23.

98. **minion.** Favorite.

99. **waspish-headed.** Quick to become angry.

100. **play with sparrows.** The sparrow was sacred to Venus. In Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, Cupid plays with Campaspe and —

> ". . . Stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows
> His mother's doves and team of sparrows."

101. **right out.** Completely, entirely.

110. **foison.** Harvest. Cf. *Macbeth*, IV., iii., 88–89:—

"Scotland hath *foisons* to fill up your will
Of your mere own."

114–115. **Harvest.** Spring shall succeed autumn, the winter season being omitted.

119. **charmingly.** Magically.

123. **wonder'd.** Able to perform wonders.

128. **windring.** Winding.

130. **crisp.** Curling. Cf. *First Part of Henry IV.*, I., iii., 106:—

"And hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank."

138. **footing.** Dancing.

144. **works him strongly.** Affects him powerfully.

145. **distemper'd.** Violent.

146. **sort.** Manner.

154. **inherit.** Possess.

156. **rack.** Drifting vapor, very thin clouds.

157. **on.** Of. Cf. *Macbeth*, I., iii., 84–85:—

"Or have we eaten *on* the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?"

158. **rounded.** Encompassed or completed.

164. **Come with a thought.** Come quickly. Prospero

summons Ariel, and when he appears thanks him for the way in which he has managed the masque.

166. **meet with.** Defeat.

168. **to have told thee.** Was it necessary for Ariel to inform Prospero the magician?

187. **stale.** A term used in hunting, a decoy, a bait.

192. **cankers.** Becomes impure. Lord Essex said of Queen Elizabeth "that she grew old and cankered, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcase."

Re-enter Ariel. Pope considers the entrance of Ariel with Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, as the beginning of Scene v.

193. **line.** Lime tree; cf. V., i., 10. Some editors have understood this to mean "clothes line." This interpretation seems incongruous, considering the civilization of the island and the circumstances of Prospero's life there.

194. **blind mole.** Commenting upon this line, Warton in speaking of Caliban's stubborn and savage nature remarks: "I always lament that our author has not preserved this fierce and implacable spirit in Caliban to the end of the play; instead of which he has, I think, injudiciously, put into his mouth words that imply repentance and understanding." Is it clear that Caliban's speech implies more than extreme caution and a well-founded fear of Prospero?

198. **played the Jack.** Played the knave with us; or it may be an allusion to "Jack with a Lantern," a popular bit of superstition.

215. I. For me. Other instances may be found in Abbott, ¶ 209.

219. **O King Stephano! O peer!** An allusion, perhaps, to the old ballad beginning:—

"King Stephen was a worthy peer."

223. **frippery.** A shop where old clothes were sold.

236. **by line and level.** By rule, systematically. The phrase is taken from carpentry.

241. **pass of pate.** Witty sally.

246. **barnacles.** Shell-fish.

247. **forehead.** Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, III., iii., 35–36:—

"and her forehead
As low as she would wish it."

A low forehead was considered a deformity.

258. **aged cramps.** Such cramps as age brings on. Cf. I., ii., 369.

Act V. Scene I

In this scene Prospero's enemies are brought before him. He confronts them and brings from Alonso a confession of guilt. Overjoyed at finding his son safe, the king, deeply penitent, restores the dukedom to Prospero and approves Ferdinand's marriage with Miranda. Prospero pardons

Sebastian and Antonio for the injury they have done him, but is not completely reconciled to his brother. Trinculo, Stephano, and Caliban, still suffering from the punishment which Ariel has administered, are made to restore the things they have stolen from Prospero's cell, and Caliban is bidden to put the cell in order. With the dismissal of Ariel to the "elements," and the gift of freedom to Caliban, Prospero promises "calm seas, auspicious gales, and a sail so expeditious" that the royal fleet shall soon reach Naples.

2. **crack not.** Break not.

3. **time goes upright.** Time, usually represented as an old man decrepit with age, is here pictured as strong and vigorous.

10. **line grove.** Cf. IV., i., 193.

10. **weather-fend:.** Protects from the weather.

23. **relish all as sharply.** Feel their afflictions as keenly as they do.

24. **Passion as they.** "Passion" is a verb, "suffer" as they do. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, V., iv., 172–173:

"Ariadne *passioning*
For Theseus perjury and unjust flight."

33–49. **Ye elves. . . .** The lines are based upon Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, VII., 197–206.

34. **printless foot.** Cf. Milton's *Comus*, 896–897:—

"Whilst from off the water's fleet
Thus I set my *printless* feet."

41. **Weak masters.** Not "masters" in the usual sense; "adepts" is suggested by Furness.

47. **spurs.** Roots.

60. **boiled within thy skull.** Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V., i., 4:—

"Lovers and madmen have such seething brains."

62. **Holy.** Here used in the sense of "upright," "just," which meanings in addition to those of "godly," "sanctified," it had in Shakespeare's time.

67. **ignorant fumes.** Fumes that caused ignorance.

69. **loyal sir.** Loyal "servant" has been suggested as the true reading.

71. **Home.** Fully.

76. **remorse.** Pity. What is the etymology of "remorse"?

81. **reasonable shore.** Shore of reason.

88. **there suck I.** "There *lurk* I" is suggested by Theobald. Is the proposed emendation reasonable?

92. **After summer merrily.** "This may be interpreted as meaning that Ariel, to avoid winter, which he and his fellows disliked, followed summer round the globe," or Theobald's emendation of "sunset" for "summer" may be accepted.

96. **so, so, so.** Referring to Ariel's assistance in putting on the ducal robes.

103. **Or ere.** Cf. I., ii., 11.

112. **trifle.** Phantom. **abuse.** Deceive.

117. **if this be at all.** If this really exists.

119. **my wrongs.** The wrongs which I have done you. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II., i., 240:—

"Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex."

124. **subtilties.** Deceptions.

128. **justify.** Prove.

154. **admire.** Wonder. Cf. III., i., 38.

155. **devour their reason.** Doubt their senses.

174. **you should wrangle.** The sense is "if you should wrangle for a score of kingdoms, I would call it fair play."

218. **blasphemy.** Blasphemer.

248. **single.** To you alone.

267. **badges.** A silver plate attached to some part of the livery of a servant, upon which the name of the servant's master was engraved.

268. **true.** Honest.

280. **grand liquor . . . gilded 'em.** An allusion to the grand elixir (*aurum potabile*) of the alchemists, which it was pretended would restore youth and confer immortality.

280. **Gilded 'em.** Made them drunk.

The Epilogue

It has been questioned seriously whether or not Shakespeare wrote the epilogue. The chief reason for doubting its authenticity is thus stated by Grant White: "Let any one," he says, "who has found he can trust his ear for rhythm and his comparative appreciation of style read the epilogue carefully and judge. Did Shakespeare write, —

> "'And what strength I have's my own,
> Which is most faint: now, 'tis true'?

Could he have written

> "'Gentle breath of yours my sails
> Must fill, or else my project fails,
> Which was to please. Now I want'?"

Aside from the fact of the "stiff couplets," "clumsy" blank verse, and "feeble, trite ideas" this critic points out further that it was the general custom for persons other than the authors themselves to write the prologues and epilogues of the English drama. "It would be strange," he thinks, "were Shakespeare an exception to this general rule." Furness agrees with White and believes that the combined external and internal evidence which the lines furnish must be accepted as sufficient proof that the epilogue was written by some one else. Other critics, with less reason, it would seem, accept it as Shakespeare's. They claim that the irregularities of the verse are of just the kind we should

expect to find in a play generally thought to be next to the last, if not the last, which Shakespeare wrote.

10. **your good hands.** Applause, clapping of hands; noise was supposed to break a spell. Cf. IV., i., 59; also *Macbeth*, IV., i., 70:—

"Hear his speech but *say thou nought*."

16. **relieved by prayer.** An allusion either (1) to the stories told by magicians, who in their last hours were relieved by the prayers of their friends; or (2) to the practice common in Shakespeare's time of praying for the sovereign at the conclusion of a play.

18. **frees all faults.** Secures us pardon for all faults.

INDEX TO NOTES

Abbott: *Shakespearian Grammar*, 116, 118, 136, 145.
Algiers, 123.
Allen, 120.
Amphion, 128.
Anacolutha, 118.
Anglo-Saxon, 132.
Anthropophagi, 138.
Antony and Cleopatra, 145.
Arabian Nights, 118.
Argier, 123.
As You Like It, 141.

Bermudas, The, 122.
Blemmyi, The, 138.
Boswell, 123.
Browning: *Caliban upon Setebos*, 123.

Cæsar, Julius, 120, 130.
Caliban, 123.
Cannibal, 123.
Capell, 139.
Ceres, 141, 142.
Chalmers, 122.
Charles I., 141.
Chaucer, 116.
Coffee, 124.
Coleridge, 115, 117, 119, 122, 124, 128, 130.
Collier, 119.
Cooper, Fenimore, 116.
Coriolanus, 124.
Cymbeline, 141.

Dis, 142.
Dyce, 135.

Eden: *History of Travayle*, 125.
Elizabeth, Queen, 144.
Elizabethan English, 116, 117, 118, 119, 124, 126, 129, 137, 143, 147, 148.
England, 124, 141.
Epilogue, the, 149.
Essex, Lord, 144.

Florio, 129.
Frobisher, 132.
Furness: Variorum Edition of *The Tempest*, 116, 123, 126, 133, 137, 140, 141, 147, 149.

Grand Elixir, 148.

Hades, 142.
Hales, 122.
Hamlet, 121, 124, 127, 129.
Harrison: *Description of England*, 117.
Henry IV., 143.
Henry VIII., 141.

Hense, 118.
Henslowe: *Diary*, 135.
Hymen's lamp, 140, 142.

Ingleby, 128.
Italy, 141.

Jack with a Lantern, 144.
James I., 141.
Jonson, Ben, 141.
Juno, 142.

Kemble, Mrs. F. A., 133.

Lamb, 123.
Latin, words in sense of, 118, 120, 128, 131, 134, 146, 147, 148.
Luke, 138.
Lyly: *Alexander and Campaspe*, 142.

Macbeth, 130, 134, 138, 143, 150.
Magellan, 125.
Magic, 120.
Malone, 115.
Marlowe: *Hero and Leander*, 125.
Marryat, 116.
Masque, The, 141.
Merchant of Venice, 126, 132.
Middle Ages, 137.
Midsummer Night's Dream, 125, 141, 147, 148.
Milton: *L'Allegro*, 127; *Comus*, 146.
Montaigne, 129.
Morality plays, 132
Moulton, 121.
Murray: *New Oxford Dictionary*, 123.

Nobody and Somebody, 136.

Othello, 138.
Ovid: *Metamorphoses*, 146.

Paphos, 142.
Passages set to music, 125.
Pericles, 116.
Phœbus' steeds, 140.
Phœnix of Arabia, 137.
Pliny, 137, 138.
Pluto, 142.
Pope, 121, 124, 125, 128.
Prologue, 149.
Proserpina, 142.

Satyrs, 137.
Setebos, 125.
Smollett, 116.
Steevens, 135.
Stephen, King, 145.
Sycorax, 122.

Thebes, 128.
Theobald, 126, 147.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, 146

Utopian treatises, 130.

Venus, 142.
Vergil's harpies, 138.

Warton, 144.
Wilson: *Caliban*, 123.
White, Grant, 136, 149.
Wright, 119.

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Act III Sc. I ll. 1 –

" IV " " " 156 – 1

" V " " " 88 –

Leonhardsen

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